

Sleeping Bill by **Lo77**

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Summary: What are the feelings of Zach Denbrough when he finds Bill sleeping in Georgie's room? **English is not my native tongue, so if you find errors, please send me a note! Thanks for reading, enjoy!
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Sleeping Bill

Zack Denbrough was tired. It had been raining all day and the pumps were outworked and failing. Long day of walking the tunnels of the smelly underbelly of Derry to fix the damn things. After four hours of tweaking and cursing, his crew managed to get them going. Until they broke again, that's was. Bangor Hydroelectric paid well for such a crappy job (he meant crappy literally), but where low on personnel, so everybody was overworked. When the next shift arrived, he quickly dismissed his men and ran to his car before the line manager could ask him if he wanted to double that night.

Sharon was already sleeping when he arrived home. He went through the motions of tossing his clothes, shower the dirt and slip into his night clothes without thinking much. He didn't want to think; his quota had already been fulfilled in fixing the pumps. As he closed the closet and reached for bed, he found his feet taking him in another direction. Not to bed, with his wife, but to Georgie's bedroom.

He walked with light steps, not so much to avoid disrupting the others up but in silly anticipation, that, if he walked silently enough, and opened the door really fast, he would catch a glance of Georgie, still there, still playing with his trucks, still reading his stories, still relishing in his photographs.

But as he opened the door (really fast), he didn't find Georgie. He found Bill.

He stood beside the door frame, grappling the door knob. Zach felt his hand go numb with uneasiness. What an unwelcome surprise. The lamp on the night table was on, and he could see Bill all too well in the faded light curled up in fetal position, sleeping in Georgie's bed.

"What is Bill doing here? Doesn't he have a room?" thought Zach from an emotional standpoint that was far from caring. He just needed to feel the presence of his baby son after a long day at work, at even *that* was denied. He felt unconscious rage. Georgie should be there, not Bill. He had no right to be there. Georgie should be there, sleeping in that bed, in this rainy night, instead of rotting in a damp, lonely grave. And when he saw what Bill was cradling tight near his

chest, oh... That was the last straw.

Zach went in stumping, and Bill jerked in his sleep; it reminded Zach of a wounded rabbit who was about to get caught. Seeing Bill stir didn't deter Zach's fury; in fact, it didn't make him feel anything more than disgust towards his son... now his only son. He was going to wake Bill up and take away Georgie's teddy bear.

He came closer and as he grabbed the bear, a glimmer in Bill's cheeks caught his attention. Tears. Bill was crying in his sleep. Bill stirred again and whimpered. New tears rolled. Bill clenched his fists and stirred again, and then, relaxed.

Zach stood there, watching Bill as the anguish came and left his face. After a while, Zach slipped with his back to the wall, facing Bill. He sighed. He was tired. He watched Bill for a long time. He remembered when he told Bill about Georgie's death. How Bill had come downstairs, with clumsy steps, gripping the railing of the stairs.

"Dad?" Bill had asked with trembling voice, and how he was shocked to silence when he saw the bloody mess Dave Gardener had rolled up in his quilt. Zach remembered Shanon screaming and Bill, sitting in the stairs, just staring at the bloody quilt.

Zach remembered when they used to be happy, a house of four, a merry lot. He remembered when he went camping with Bill and George, and how Bill was always so caring, so protective of his baby brother. He remembered how much George loved Bill. And he remembered how he used to love Bill...

Why couldn't he love Bill now? Why? Oh, he wanted to love his son again, with all his heart, as it was before!

"Please, God..." Zach clasped his hands together, "please God, make me love my son again... Please make me love my son... Please, God..."

As he prayed, Bill continued to stir in his dreams, his wife continued to sleep in their bedroom, George continued to be on his grave and the the rain continued to fall on Derry.